

8-22-1888

Letter from Annie Adams Fields, Boston, Massachusetts, to Anne Whitney, 1888 August 22

Annie Adams Fields

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in Reading where he was to
preach the following day!
Also he brushed the coats
and hats of all the men
and women in the car, brought
them water and answered
their questions as if he had
never thought of any other
work in life. He says he is
one of those Livermores boys and
I thought he did justice thus
training.

My right hand may
forget its cunning but I
shall not forget our days
together in your earthly Paradise.
We both enjoyed every moment
of it and I have been wishing to
tell you so ever since since
my return, but I have been
steadily occupied every hour
plunging myself into bed
each night with

a sense of entire fatigue which usually induces good
rest.

Boston. August 22. 1888.

Dear Anne, dear Adeline
and my dear sister:

Imagine what it
was to clasp down from
your mountain into the
city on the muggiest of
Saturday nights! Not
a breath was stirring;
a white veil, "like a
face cloth to a face"
floated shell, over the
sky; beneath, the
lamps plunged their
lights down so deep
into the still river

Can I do anything for you here?

that it seemed bottom-
less and one small
boat drifted on
lightly struck its
sides now and then
and gave alarm.
The only sign of life
that came to me in
the late evening from
all this near, great
city. The heat of the
night was intense - not
a leaf stirred and I missed
the freshness we had left.
Sarah stopped at Dr. Bonnell's

about two hours short of
my journey's end but
what with Robert Elmer
and a very talkative
porter car conductor
I was well tickled over
the time. The young man
came to introduce himself
as a friend of Mr. Linscomb
who had told him we were to
be expected in this car about
that time. He is truly a
character such as America
only can show 2 faces. He is
a theological student at
Yale, already preaching
wherever he can get a chance.
He showed me with great
pride the very small church

passed together! affectionately
which we have

Yours Anne Field